

## Clap Hands Two Guns

The Menzingers

I counted the holes that tore through Bastogne that day  
There were so many that we left them unbarried  
A 20 mile advancement on an allied front  
With every shot I take writes out The Fog Of War  
And I can't wait to fall asleep  
My mind is racing, count bloody sheep again  
I've got the flashman in my sight  
To take his life, or give him mine  
It's hard to get below a surface conversation  
I'm a killer but not for one nation  
Young man's cause revealed as an old man's game  
As the blood spills out on the pavement  
The star of david get special arrangements  
Young man's cause revealed as an old man's game